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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE recent manoeuvres in which the Territorials have taken part raise in a very acute form the question of National Defence. We must await the official reports of the generals in charge of the various divisions and brigades of our citizen soldiers before pronouncing a final verdict on their utility and efficiency; but already the mutterings of the coming storm are heard on all sides. It is obvious that the results have not come up to expectations and that in many instances the machinery has completely broken down. The trained observers, many of them soldiers or ex-soldiers, who followed the operations and who have written about them in the press, have with a few exceptions been loud in their condemnation. In the *Standard* of August 18 there is an instructive and candid opinion of the Citizen Army written by the German correspondent of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, who is himself a soldier trained in the German Army. He admires the patriotism and willingness of the men, but as soldiers he has a very poor opinion of them. He declares that their physique is poor, that the majority of them are totally untrained and incapable of making a fifteen-mile march, and concludes with the following remark: "The brave boys are cradled in false dreams from which perhaps they may some day awaken in horror." Unfortunately, the question of the Territorials is becoming purely a party issue. The Radical press is making frantic efforts to prove them a model of efficiency and military virtue, and at the same time heaping abuse on the Tory writers who venture to point out a few of their shortcomings.

This partisan spirit, unfortunately, follows as the necessary corollary of our political system. It is no use disguising the fact; we are at the parting of the ways. The one road leads us to a modified form of conscription and national security; the other to further muddle, waste of public money, and periodical panics. The Territorials

have proved a vast disappointment even to the most prejudiced of their admirers. Their numbers have fallen far short of the original official estimate; their efficiency is no better than that of the Volunteers, and the attendances in camp have been extremely poor. Over 30 per cent. of the London Divisions only stayed a week in camp instead of a fortnight, either because they could not obtain the necessary leave from their employers or because the men were "fed up" with the hardships of indifferent food, long marches, and sleeping in the rain. Many broke down under the strain of manoeuvres after inadequate preliminary training. The tactical work of both officers and men has been severely criticised. The training of the officers is reported to be sadly at fault. In the Isle of Man a slight mutiny was checked by the summary dismissal of the guilty to their homes. How any general of brigade, colonel of battalion, or captain of a company is going to train his men efficiently under such conditions so that they can hold their own against Continental troops passes the imagination. A fortnight in camp is not sufficient time, but when the fortnight is reduced by half and the preliminary drills and lectures are scamped, the whole system breaks down and becomes farcical. There is only one way out of the muddle, and that is the adoption of some compulsory system such as Australia and New Zealand have taken for their model. Let us have the courage to admit that we have made a mistake.

We are grateful to Mr. Haldane and his advisers for their labours, but the experiment has failed; it is no longer possible to prop up the tottering throne of the voluntary system which has ruled so long and so indifferently. Let them have the courage to recognise the truth, and come forward and state the facts plainly to the nation. It is criminal for them to go on deceiving the country in the belief that, given time, the Territorial Army will prove a success. It has been given ample scope and opportunity, but has proved no better than its predecessors. From the first the Territorial scheme was based on ridiculous premises. According to Mr. Haldane, the Territorial troops are to take the place of the Regular Army, which on the outbreak of hostilities may be despatched to assist an ally on the Continent. At the same time, he has always admitted that it would require at least six months' training after the outbreak of war before they would be ready to meet trained Continental troops. But what is the use of a modern army if it is not ready to take the field at a moment's notice? Armies are not like prize-fighters, who fix a date for their meeting and then go into strict training against the fateful day. You cannot write to your opponent and say to him, "Sorry we cannot fight you to-morrow, but six months from now all will be ready." Continental armies can be concentrated on their frontiers within a week of the declaration of war, and probably the decisive battles will be all over within a fortnight. Certainly no war between two first-class Powers could last for six months on the Continent under modern conditions. The spirit of humanity—quite apart from strategical and financial considerations—would put an end to the struggle before that period.

Therefore, if, as experts would have us believe, it is possible for our shores to be successfully invaded, this untoward and eagerly anticipated event would surely take place within a few weeks of the outbreak of hostilities. It would find us woefully unprepared,

because, according to Mr. Haldane, our sole defenders—always assuming the Regular Army had been despatched to assist an ally on the Continent—would require at least six months to be properly trained and organised. What a scene would follow the announcement of the landing of the first German cyclist! Such an event would be well worth seeing if it ever came to pass. The frantic confusion, the disorganisation, the lack of horses, the ill-trained troops, half equipped, hastening to the front, the shortage of arms and ammunition; some of the men unable to obtain leave from their employers, others only able to stay away a week through fear of being discharged; the majority unable to march more than a few miles, and totally unable to fight because of sore feet; thousands suffering from pneumonia owing to not being accustomed to sleep in the open air; officers looking for their men, generals for their brigades, gunners for their guns, and everyone for the enemy, but all finally arriving at the wrong destination saturated with beer, deafened by brass bands and patriotic songs, too weary to retrace their footsteps—this would constitute the greatest opera bouffe ever staged.

But we need not despair. Long after the war had been decided elsewhere, and probably after the terms of peace had been arranged, we should have a magnificent body of troops ready to be disbanded. They would march through London amidst the cheers of the citizens; they would be fed at the Mansion House and blessed at St. Paul's; they would then hasten homewards and live for ever after on the memory of the glorious manner in which they came forward for six months' drill and discipline at considerable personal inconvenience, whilst the fate of the Empire hung in the balance. Of course, this is purely hypothetical, and many unexpected things might happen to upset our calculations and those of our opponents; but surely it is absurd to rely on any force which cannot be made efficient until after hostilities have lasted for six months, and the issue on the Continent has been settled. This being the case, we must look the true facts in the face and realise that any form of voluntary service has completely and finally broken down. There is no breath in the system; day by day, year by year, it will decay still further, until it has rotted away to nothingness. Let us bury the carcase at once and pass on to a live issue. Australia and New Zealand have set us a splendid example, which Canada is shortly to follow, by recognising that it is the duty of each citizen to serve his country, although the possibilities of invasion are remote. Neither will it be a burden either to the youth or to the finances of the State. On the contrary, the very best results are expected from it. The young men of the nation will be taught habits of obedience and discipline, and at the same time their physique will be developed by drill and the open-air life of the camp. The ridiculous argument is often raised that any form of conscription will interfere with the development of the trade of this country. If this be so, how does it come to pass that the trade of Germany, of France, and of Russia, or any of the great Continental Powers, has not decayed? On the contrary, the Continental nations benefit by it.

The men gain by the drill, discipline, and healthy exercise, and they carry useful lessons into their subsequent careers. We have, year after year, close on a million unemployed or unemployable in our midst. Therefore the country would benefit if 100,000 or 200,000 of the younger men were taken from the congested labour

market and enrolled for six months, or a year, in the service of the State. Then there is surely the moral side of the question to be considered. Why should an Englishman who regards himself as the cream of humanity refuse to make those sacrifices which are considered necessary by other nations? Why should we arrogate to ourselves superior virtues and live under the illusion that we need not take the same precautions for our future safety as our rivals? Why should we believe that our rule is admirable for three hundred millions of people in India and in other parts of the world, and at the same time refuse to set them an example? Is it to be supposed that we should hear very much about unrest in India if the people of India knew that behind the few thousand trained troops which hold them in subjection, there was an entire nation in arms, not aggressive, but determined to make every sacrifice to maintain its position? Is it to be supposed that Germany would go on building Dreadnoughts at ruinous cost if she knew that behind our fleet lay a whole armed nation ready to die in defence of our shores? No; our position is being challenged all round—not because our rivals have grown stronger—but because they see us apparently lost to a sense of our responsibilities, and so unwilling to make any sacrifice for the security of our dominions, that they feel bound to be ready for the day of disaster and the disruption of our Empire. It will be a thousand pities if compulsory service is to degenerate into a purely party question, like Tariff Reform. It should command the support of all Radicals and Socialists. Surely it is the most democratic measure that could be devised for breaking down class distinctions and bringing the high and the low, the rich and the poor, into closer touch with one another. When the duke and the plough boy, the merchant and the labourer, the country gentleman and the clerk, all find themselves engaged side by side in the same service they will soon get to know one another, and become more interested in each other's welfare. This has been the case in France and in Germany. No man can feel quite the same hostility towards or jealousy of his neighbour if both have served together in the ranks.

The Socialist-Labour Party seems to have fallen on bad days, and personally we cannot feel any great sympathy for it. The rock upon which it has split is, of course, finance, the stumbling-block of so many organisations which promise Utopias they can never give. The Osborne judgment has completely wrecked the party plans, and until a Bill is passed through Parliament to alter or modify this most just decision of the Court of Appeal, the Socialist-Labour ship will have to go ahead very slowly, taking advantage of any favouring breezes and economising its coal. Seventy-eight seats were contested at the last General Election, but now, in view of the shortage of funds, it has been suggested to limit the number of seats to be fought at the next election to those already held, and to five which were lost at the General Election. This would bring the number up to forty-eight, instead of seventy-eight. This shortage of funds is instructive as showing how slight is the enthusiasm of the majority of Trades Unionists for the Socialist-Labour Party. When a compulsory levy was made on the members ample funds were forthcoming, because every member had to pay or to leave the union. This system was manifestly unjust. A trade union is primarily an organisation for the protection of its members and for safeguarding their interests in the particular trade in which they are engaged. They were never in the first place intended to be political organisations. Thus they are composed of men of all shades of political opinion, Conservatives, Radicals, and Socialists, yet all, irrespective of their opinions, were made to contribute towards the upkeep of Socialist-Labour Members in the House. This injustice the Court of Appeal refused to sanction. The compulsory levy has ceased, and the substituted voluntary levy has proved a complete failure. Your true Socialist likes to put his hand into his neighbour's pocket, not into his own.

AD FINEM

If it should come to pass that I should die
 While yet your youth and loveliness remain,
 And I am gathered to the deeps again,
 A sail engulfed where sea unites with sky ;
 I would not sorrow linger in your eye,
 Or change the music of your day to pain,
 Or clouds less transiit than of April rain,
 Linger a little when my life goes by.

Dream that a moment I but hailed your bark,
 Sailing between the day-dawn and the night,
 And set my compass by your perfect course ;
 And know that in the passage of the dark
 I bless God for your loveliness and light ;
 And then put by both memory and remorse.

B. S.

DEVON

A day with summer sun and showers
 Flung to earth's purple vair ;
 A white hand shining among the flowers
 Plucking one here, one there ;
 Such was my fairy's gift ; and when
 Life burneth hot in my breast,
 Quietly through the woods again
 I will dream home and rest.

W. L. R.

THE VICE OF POOLING POLICIES

A NEW phase has been evolved in the political world, which should not be allowed to pass without adequate comment. In many European Parliamentary systems the representative body is broken up into sections which are for the most part hostile to each other, but which are capable on occasions of coalescing for the furtherance of certain definite political aims. Nothing in the nature of fusion occurs. Co-operation for a time and for a purpose is the limit of parallel action. Something very different from this has been lately observed corroding the foundation of party government in this country. The possession and retention of office has come to be viewed as an end in itself, rather than as a means for the attainment of salutary measures. It may, of course, be argued that in the opinion of the stalwart there is only one party—and that his own—through whose instrumentality beneficial legislation can in reason be looked for. To hold an opinion of that kind is in effect to be the victim of an obsession. We freely acknowledged, in discussing this matter in our last issue, that the party system had once a value. Our object now is to point to a vice recently contracted, which threatens to taint that system at its source. What is the position which we observe to-day? There are three parties acting together whose views are utterly irreconcilable on many of the problems clamouring for decision. Large sections abhor the political principles and aims of those with whom they are in practical alliance. There is no question here of shades of difference or degree. The views of those who are acting together are as far apart as the poles, and

are capable of no compromise in principle, no accommodation even in appearance. The Nationalist member proclaims that he has no interest in any of the questions which he by his vote imposes on Great Britain; the Socialist is opposed root and branch to all legislation which is anti-Socialistic in character, yet he is willing on critical divisions to vote for it; the moderate Ministerialist is as thoroughly opposed to legislation which is Socialistic in its character, yet he is willing to give it the sanction of his vote. If we apply to a coalition such as this the epithet "Unholy Alliance," who shall say that it is unmerited or untrue?

In the commercial world certain combinations occur from time to time which have the effect of creating a monopoly, or in American-English, a corner, in various commodities, or it may be in traffic or in rates. It is a grave question whether such combinations are not opposed to public policy. Whether that be so or not, we contend that to pool inconsistent and incompatible policies for the sole purpose of retaining office is a fraud on the constituencies and a danger to the national character and national well-being.

SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

V.—TENNYSON.

DURING practically the whole of their literary life Tennyson and Browning were contemporaries. When Browning, in the year 1833, at the age of twenty, published "Pauline," Tennyson had not long issued his first volume, as a young man of about the same age. In 1855, when "Maud" appeared, "Men and Women" added to Browning's fame. "The Ring and the Book" was welcomed by the *Athenaeum* in 1869 as the greatest poetic achievement of the time, and in 1870 Tennyson began to show new powers of romance and mystery with "The Coming of Arthur" and the ever-glorious "Idylls." With this curious parallelism in period and output goes an undeniable resemblance in thought between the two poets. Both were finely optimistic, both strongly inclined toward that sublime faith which St. Paul, inspired essayist, has defined once and for all as "the evidence of things not seen," and both recognised heartily that the everyday life of humanity was no more to be neglected by the poet than by the philosopher. But the difference in their methods of expressing that optimism, faith, and humanity, and, indeed, in their whole mode of writing, was enormous. Browning, in his poems, was often excitable, garrulous, exclamatory, laconic. He seems to button-hole his readers, to take them into his confidence by a quick "So!" or an adjuration to "Look!" He creates his invisible correspondent by a stroke of the pen, and shouts at him :—

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall ;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
 What entered into thee,
 That was, is, and shall be :
 Time's wheel runs back or stops : Potter and clay endure.

Or he asks an opinion impatiently, and drives on regardless of the answer; he rhymes any word that flashes into his teeming brain to avoid delay. Tennyson, on the other hand, rarely shows that uncanny swiftness, that race for self-expression so characteristic of his friend. He is some-

times diffuse and occasionally too ornate; he is aloof, austere, concerned with the outward beauty of his poems as well as with their spiritual significance. His work as a whole will stand the criticism of the orthodox grammarian and the analysis of the philologist better than Browning's. Yet, if grammar and philology were the only criterions of poetry, what a crazy verdict would be ours! Fortunately, Browning was a law unto himself in these matters, but for the benefit of those poetasters of the present day who aspire to ultimate fame we may submit the advice that they had better by far follow the example of Tennyson, and polish their verses assiduously, remembering that Browning's irregularities did not come through ignorance of grammar, but arose because, for the nonce, poetry's stream in spate carried away the dykes of syntax and sober composition. When the sacred stream so floods through their souls they may omit a predicate or a phrase here and there, and nobody will mind—but not till then.

It will be wiser in this article to discuss two representative, yet different, poems of Tennyson, rather than to attempt a mere hasty commentary upon a dozen or twenty examples—a process which is very easy but very unprofitable and bewildering. One of the first questions which we conceive concerning the work of any notable poet is, "What faith has he?" In other words, what is his outlook on the world and humanity's relationship with it—are we entangled inextricably at every step with the divine? Is it positive or negative, a belief or a denial, a philosophy or an inspired, confident vision? Wordsworth's answer to this fundamental inquiry was given in many brief poems; Browning replied in a hundred ways, but struck the same note. There is no need to undertake any feats of exploration among Tennyson's pages to discover his reply. His belief is summed up once for all in that long aspiration to powers unseen—"In Memoriam." His answer is essentially similar to that of the others to whom we have alluded—a very different answer, by the way, to that which we shall find when we come to consider the works of Meredith and Swinburne.

Far too much has been written about the "teaching" of this, that, and the other poet—as though all poets were necessarily philosophers with a certain definitely formulated scheme for the regeneration or confusion of mankind. In the case of Tennyson there is justification for this apologia, for no critical reader of his work can doubt that he held a determined faith, and that he intended deliberately to express it, to show the world how a creed formed from love of beauty and love of God could compose itself finely into the mould of poetic art, and could become more impressive thereby than if it had been simply a series of unadorned statements.

It would be possible to arrive at a fair estimate of Browning without considering "Paracelsus" or "The Ring and the Book," of Wordsworth without noticing "The Excursion," of Swinburne omitting "Atalanta"; but Tennyson and "In Memoriam" are inseparable. No one can read it without realising that it is a heart-cry, an utterance of undying grief that has in it the soul of the writer. In his sorrow he reaches out to the Divine with "lame hands of faith"; his doubts are "vassals unto love"; when they seemed to prevail, "when faith had fall'n asleep"—

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

A man's belief in the things which may be essential to salvation is a purely personal and private matter, and should not be discussed, as is too often the case, in public books and articles; but his belief in the directive force of the universe, whether he call it God or Nature or blind fate, is of interest to every other man on the face of the

earth. Tennyson's faith in a divine control was sublime. His lost friend "lives in God":—

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

In the opening lines we have the same thought of eternal power:—

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

The story of the origin of "In Memoriam" is familiar to all, but it is not so generally known, perhaps, that seventeen years elapsed between the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the poet's friend, and the publication of this immortal commemoration of a love which "passed the love of women." How vivid were the memories that clung round that comradeship is proved in many reminiscent stanzas—the college walks, the Christmas gatherings, the summer days spent together, are all woven into the texture of the poem, and so smoothly woven that the whole work forms a pattern as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. In purely beautiful passages it abounds; there are two, however, which stand out from the rest like cameos framed in gold. One is complete in itself—stanza lxvi.:—

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

The other is part of stanza xv., and is a marvellous little word-picture of summer at earliest morning:—

. . . . the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

Each reader of "In Memoriam," however, will find his or her own favourite passages of storm or calm, doubt or faith, and it often happens that one's chosen stanzas vary with the mood of the hour.

Considering the poem for a moment technically, it is a curious point, which we do not remember to have seen remarked upon even by Mr. Stopford Brooke (who takes Tennyson's work to pieces verse by verse almost as if it were a huge machine), that Tennyson should have employed for his masterpiece the line of four feet. In the vast majority of cases the poet who sets out to compose a poem

on a theme which he deliberately intends to develop exhaustively chooses the pentameter, whether rhymed or unrhymed. Its monotony may be varied by song or ballad, as in "Atalanta in Calydon," or, as Tennyson himself varied it, by delightful lyrical interlude, in "The Princess"; or it may progress severely onward, page after page, as do "The Task," "The Excursion," "Aurora Leigh," and a dozen other special achievements in this style that might be mentioned. Tennyson, however, decided to cast his memorial poem in a less formal mould, and to aid the music of rhythm by the music of rhyme. Doubtless he perceived the danger of using the ordinary four-verse stanza with alternate rhymes—the risk of becoming hymn-like, especially when treating a subject into which solemn and sacred thoughts were bound to enter extensively; in adopting the plan of the internal couplet he cleverly reduced that danger to its lowest terms. If we transpose the lines of one familiar stanza we shall appreciate the difference:—

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The time draws near the birth of Christ.

Reinstate it in the true form, it gains in gravity, in strength, in resonance, and carries no suggestion of the "common metre" of the hymn-book, in spite of the fact that the metre is absolutely unchanged.

(To be continued.)

THE TENDENCY OF MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE

The literature of modern Russia progresses by devious paths in the direction of social reform. The drama and the novel are the chief methods adopted to gain this end. Their attacks are not so direct as those of sociology and political economy, therefore they are less liable to suppression by the censor. Count Lyof Nikolaievitch Tolstoy is undoubtedly one of Russia's greatest novel and dramatic writers. Henry Nevinson, in an article written at the time of the great philosopher's eightieth birthday, in 1908, said: "From the first he has always been a prophet—a prophet of the soul—and the purport of his prophecy has always been the same. You may find it in the long perplexities of Petroff in 'War and Peace,' or in the quick lights and shadows of Anna Karenina's heart, or in the mowing scene among the peasants, or in Levin's last meditation, where he realises a truth 'which is a secret for him alone, of vital importance for him, and not to be put into words.' Tolstoy possesses much of that supreme dissatisfaction with life which characterised Rousseau, by whom he is avowedly influenced. Unlike Rousseau, however, he has found a measure of peace—in his philosophy. He regards modern civilisation as an evil which oppresses the agrarian population of the world. This attitude is truly Russian, for the Muscovite agriculturist reveres the soil and loves his fellow-men. Maxim Gorky, another novelist of the grimly realistic type, is capable of better things than obscene descriptions of degraded forms of life. In "Summer," a short story which appeared in the xxvith number of *Znanie* (Knowledge), he tells of an agitator named Egor Petrovitch Trofimoff, who lived in an agricultural village. Towards the end of the tale he was arrested and, on his way to the nearest town, was able to subdue his rough guards by his gentle words. Amongst other things, he said: "And there are no more soldiers and prisoners among us. We are all Russian men, and, although I do not forget that this road leads to prison, I still remember the happy time spent this summer and in former days. My heart burns within me, and I would like to cry aloud through the heavy snow-drift, 'I wish you a happy holiday, great Russian people! A bright Sunday, my dear ones!'"

Russia in her own patient way has suffered, and out of the depths of her great heart come groans of agony. Gorky in such gloomy creations as "The Spy" but expresses this national anguish. He has made a speciality of creating such monsters as Yevsey Klimkov, who used to inveigle information out of maidservants in order to incriminate their masters, and who convicted both innocent and guilty. In "A Confession," however, the author rises to better things. Matvev, the child of unknown aristocratic parents, wandered about the country as a vagabond in search of a new faith. He, at least, was a man of religious aspirations. It was a pity, however, that he was converted by a miracle which an *ikon* wrought. The climax was unworthy of the tale. The novel is autobiographical to some extent. Gorky himself has tramped about Russia as a beggar, and has had a life of spiritual unrest. Goncharov, who admired George Sand, but was influenced by Dickens and Balzac, was a realistic writer. His work did not lose Russian feeling, in spite of his interest in foreign models, as "Obriv" and "Oblomov" clearly show. Anton P. Tchekhoff, a master of the short story, was another humanist. Born about 1860, he belonged to the *intelligentsia* of the end of the nineteenth century, and foretold the decline and fall of his literary school as surely as Turgenev had prophesied the decay of the *petite noblesse*. It has been said that his tales had no heroes. A minor luminary, who also echoes the cry for freedom, is E. L. Voynich. She possesses a strong style, and in her "Olive Latham" gives a little glimpse of the Russia beneath the surface. On page 59, chapter iv., one reads: "'I waited outside,' she went on, 'till Dr. Slavinski wanted me. The grandmother and a neighbour sat down by me, and began talking about that poisoning case at the other village. All they could see in it was that the Commune was very stupid not to have closed with the offer of the police to hush the matter up for twelve kopecks a head. They said that when there was a corpse found in the flooded meadow last year the Borodyevka people paid seven kopecks each, and that one expects to pay a little extra in summer. It's like a bad dream to hear them talk.'" In conjunction with Stepniak, E. L. Voynich wrote a book entitled "The Humour of Russia," which was published in 1895.

There were many other famous fiction writers, only a few of whom we have been able to mention. Some of them, like Tolstoy, also wrote drama, whilst others combined novel-writing with poetry. Pushkin was undoubtedly one of Russia's greatest poets, though he was bitterly attacked by the critics of his time. His "Evgenie Onegin" has been called the Russian "Childe Harold." The poet who stands nearest him in reputation is Lermontoff. Another great man was Releif, the "citizen poet," whose genius might compare favourably with Pushkin's. He was a celebrated Freemason, and a member of the secret "Northern Society," which conspired to have a Constitution when Nicholas I. came to the throne in 1825. For this intrigue he was executed. Many of his shorter poems were historical. "Kurbasov," "The Death of Ermak," "Ivan Susanin," and "Dmitri Donskoi" are among these. He represented Russian patriotism in its more vigorous and martial forms, though he was quite able to appreciate the far greater victories of social and political reform, for which noble aspirations he died.

Now for the domain of pure science. Foremost among the leaders of political and social reform stands the revered Stepniak, writer of "The Russian Peasantry." No thoughtful person having read that charming book would deny its author the tribute of greatness. The admirable way in which he discussed the agricultural question, his grasp of political economy and high finance, the breadth of sympathy with which he treated religious matters, and his love for his fellow-men, all combine to place him among the great and the good, the men and women who have made the world a little better by their lives. "The Russian Peasantry" is a classic of Russian literature. In spite of the mediævalism of orthodox Christianity, Russia

can claim great exponents of the theory of natural selection. Professor Clement Timiriazeff, who visited Charles Darwin at Down, in Kent, is perhaps the most noted of these. He has published a dozen books on the Darwin theory of evolution, the first being "Charles Darwin and his Theory." The last publication was "Darwinism," an address delivered on February 12, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great naturalist. In the early months of 1909, Mr. Ermolov wrote a book entitled "Our Bad Harvests and Our Food Question." The author was formerly Minister for Agriculture, and his publication is regarded as authoritative.

The Russian mind has a strong leaning towards biography and history. Among the prose works of Pushkin was a history of the Pugachev Insurrection. Ivan Zabélin, who died on the eve of the Russian New Year, 1909, was one of Russia's great historians. His most famous work was a "History of Moscow," on which he worked for twenty years. Another modern writer was Silvansky, a young and clever historian, who died of cholera in 1908. Although Russian civilisation and traditions are Slavonic, rather than Latin or Greek, in origin, there are several Russian authors who have devoted themselves to the study of classic literature. Merejkowski, undoubtedly, is the best known of these. He recently published a delightful and appreciative little work on Pliny the Younger. His essay on Marcus Aurelius, also, is charming. So fascinating, indeed, is this book that we will venture to quote a critical passage therefrom: "'Be without feeling; be like stone.' This is the never-to-be-silenced law of the stoics, ascetics, and Buddhists, of the painter Michael Angelo, of the philosopher Schopenhauer, of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, which is thus repeated from age to age. Yet, if stones do not suffer, neither do they love nor believe in gods."

Briefly speaking, the main theme of Russian literature is social reform, expressed in the drama and the novel, or more explicitly in sociological treatises. A striving towards realism is in everything, which may account for the great production of historical works. Another very noticeable trait is the versatility shown by so many writers. Merejkowski not only wrote on the two classic authors we have mentioned, but on Flaubert, Montaigne, Ibsen, and Calderon. Schieffner, the Oriental scholar, was also an authority on Finno-Ugrian matters. A present-day author who is famed for his cleverness and versatility is Dr. A. S. Rappoport, author of "The Curse of the Romanoffs," who writes on history, the drama, and philosophy.

A FORGOTTEN TRACT

FROM the pyramid of turf above the Goodwood racecourse one of the fairest prospects in southern England lies mapped out below the onlooker. It was a coign of vantage which the Roman strategist was quick to seize upon. Goodwood Park is in the foreground of the picture, with its giant cedars of Lebanon, its glorious avenues of beech trees, its crowning point being Rook's Trundall, the peak on which the observer is supposed to be stationed, a cone-shaped hill, crested with a trenched camp, towering above the racecourse. In the middle distance stands the Roman city of Chichester, its lofty cathedral spire being the only cathedral spire in England which is visible from the sea. Beyond that again gleams the vast estuary of Chichester harbour, and a smudge on the skyline marks the smoke track of some tramp running up Channel. Away to the west lies Bosham, a village of the Dutch school. Bede tells of its monastery, how Saint Wilfrid, in 678, found a colony of Irishmen located there. It is depicted in the Bayeux tapestry. Harold and his knights are shown, half stripped and wading to their boats, embarking for Normandy from this port. Harold holds aloft a hawk on his wrist, his followers are carrying their hounds. Even in that day the Englishman's first thought on wakening was of "something to kill."

Away to the east lies Selsey—Selesea, the island of the sea-calf, as Bede calls it. It was then veritably an island. Its monastic buildings and ancient church are now sunk two miles out to sea. The deer parks—still marked on the charts as "The Park"—are deep buried, with the salt waves dashing o'er them. King Henry VIII.'s Bishop Rede excommunicated the local poachers of his day. He could not resist a little bit of ecclesiastical bad language in so doing. "*Damnacionis filii, spiritu diabolico seducti.*" Church and State joined hands against "the gamekeeper turned outside in," in those days. It is all very modern. The world has travelled an astonishingly little way since then, except that men no longer have their right hands struck off or a running noose slipped round their necks for game-stealing. Perhaps those hardy rogues, who took their lives in their hands and helped to mould the daring of the English breed, do not sleep any the worse for the anathemas either of Church or State. Instead of deer and poachers, Selsey is now famed for lobsters and fishermen; as tough and close-grained a tribe as any sea-rovers on the South Coast. Long may the sea-wolf flourish.

In digging out the ground for the Council Chamber of the city of Chichester in 1723 the Neptune and Minerva slab was found, and thereby hangs a tale. The modern streets of the city, North, South, East, and West Streets, follow the Roman strata. The present writer possesses a fine Roman belt and dagger in bronze, which were found close by Regnum—a Roman city which was the Windsor of Britain when Tiberius Claudius was Emperor. The Neptune and Minerva slab is of marble, and from the date of its discovery until three years ago was shown in Goodwood Park, but is now restored to the City Hall. It marked the site of a temple erected to the god and goddess, as patrons of *collegium fabrorum*, the guild of shipwrights. One Pudens gave the ground, and the guild supplied the materials and paid the cost of the temple. Considering the weight of the Imperial hand and in hope of Imperial favour, no doubt donations flowed in apace. The emulation between the rival trireme builders was obvious when the subscription list appeared. The proclamation of the city *quaestor* corresponded probably to our daily paper. Lictors bore him company when he had the Imperium. The little wild Goidels from the forests and swamps, who brought fish and fowl to barter for the strange pictures of their Roman conquerors, as well as for cloth and beads and knives and spears—the latter made of some stuff that did not snap and flake like their own weapons of stone—must have looked on at the lictors carrying the rods and fasces with the incurious, impassive eyes of the savage. The Roman legions who had planted themselves thus firmly on the British soil were unconsciously carrying on a Greek tradition. On the narrowest part of the Isthmus of Corinth stand the ruins of the Poseidonium, the sanctuary of Neptune, which included a temple, a theatre, and a stadium, lying partly within the area devoted to the Isthmian Games. The little votive fishermen's churches, so familiar on the French side of the Channel, are a perpetuation of the same idea.

Before going any farther it may be well to reproduce the inscription on the Chichester tablet. It runs thus, the letters in italics being obliterated letters, as restored by the learned:

Neptuni et Minervae templum
pro salute domus divinæ
ex auctoritate Imp. Ti. Claud.
Cogidubni r. leg. aug. in Brit.
Collegium fabror. et qui in eo
a sacris sunt d. s. d. donante aream
Pudente Pudentini fil.

This inscription may be "done into English" as follows: "The Temple of Neptune and Minerva erected in commemoration of the safety of the divine house [the Imperial family] by the authority of the Emperor Tiberius Claudius and of Cogidubnus, the great king of the Britons. The

Guild of Shipwrights, with others, who were ambitious of the honour of supplying materials, defrayed the expense. Pudens, the son of Pudentius, gave the ground." Dallaway says that the *Collegium Fabrorum* was as ancient at Rome as the reign of Numa Pompilius, and included all classes of workmen engaged in building operations. The fact of such a guild existing at Regnum gives an indication of its degree of importance as a Roman station. Nero succeeded Claudius as emperor, and another tablet, inscribed to Nero, has been discovered at Chichester; also a third, inscribed to Lucullus, Agricola's lieutenant, who held the chief command after the death of his leader.

It is desirable to say a word about the British king or legate, whose name appears on the stone. He was a native chief, named Cogi, who assisted the Roman general in overcoming the attack of the Dobuni, and, when confirmed by the Romans as rajah or nizam of the district, he assumed, according to precedent, the name of the conquered tribe as an adjunct to his own name, and called himself Cogi-dubnus. It is further necessary to say, by way of preamble, that the known records enable the date of the Chichester tablet to be pretty accurately defined. In 46 A.D. Claudius, the second Roman emperor to invade Britain, overran most of the island and seized the Orkney Islands. Nero succeeded him, and, in his reign, revolt and anarchy reached the newly acquired province. The phrase "*pro salute Domus Divine*" is a reminiscence of the national thanksgiving for the Emperor Claudius' safe return to Rome. He was honoured with a triumph for having crossed the sea from Gaul and for his conquests in Britain. According to Tacitus, the Isle of Wight was subdued on this occasion. It may be taken as certain that the tablet was erected in the lifetime of Cogidubnus, who was king when Tacitus visited Britain, with his uncle Agricola, between 70 A.D. and 85 A.D. Tacitus states expressly that Cogidubnus had had a long and honourable record as feudatory prince. The approximate date of the tablet may thus be fixed with considerable certainty.

Almost the last recorded words of Saint Paul are these, "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren." An essay by J. Williams was published in 1848, entitled "Claudia and Pudens," in which the author sought to establish a literary link between Saint Paul's second letter to Timothy and the Pudens of Chichester. This letter was written during Paul's second imprisonment at Rome, probably within a few weeks of his martyrdom. In it he says to Timothy, "Do thy diligence to come before winter." He was evidently looking forward, with yearning and hope, to seeing once more his favourite young companion—a hope which was probably not destined to be fulfilled, for the indomitable old man, with high courage in his heart and the inward light of an unquenchable faith burning in his dauntless eye, was doomed to be led out to execution before Timothy could reach Rome. He must have traversed the Sacred Way, the way which the triumphal progresses of emperors and generals followed "without the gate," by the Ostian road. There he suffered his last scourging at the hands of the Roman lictors, and one of the *speculatori*, the Imperial guards, struck off his head. Probably an execution was a sight as common then as is the case to-day in China. A handful of the idly curious would be attracted, and some of the great leader's followers must have come forth out of the city with wailing and lamentation. These doubtless carried his body for burial to the Catacombs. Paul's martyrdom almost certainly occurred in 70 A.D., and within a few days or weeks of its perpetration the Emperor Nero died. His death probably saved Timothy from sharing the fate of Paul. In the confusion following the change of tyrants, the visit of an obscure Jew passed unnoticed.

The ingenious argument which Mr. Williams elaborated in the essay referred to above is based upon the following facts. Between the years 66 A.D. and 100 A.D., during his residence in Rome, Martial wrote two epigrams, which were published in the reign of Domitian. In the first,

he recorded the marriage of a Roman celebrity, named Pudens, with a foreign lady named Claudia. In the second he called this lady Rufina, and said that she was a Briton. Her cognomen indicates the abundance of her tawny hair, evidently a striking and notable feature, doubtless coincident with the fair and clear complexion which now almost always exists with this tinge of hair. At the time the second epigram was written, Claudia, it appears, had grown-up sons and daughters about her, and Martial rallies her on the fact that, in spite of this, her youthful beauty is not dimmed. How near these little local touches bring us. Who has not delighted to see some British matron, with a tribe of full-grown boys and girls around her, not only as fresh as they, but younger than the youngest of them? "Pudens and Claudia," says Saint Paul. Pudens gave the land for the Chichester tablet. Claudia was a British lady, most likely the daughter of a British chief, perhaps in the Roman colony, the equivalent, by adoption, of what we should nowadays call "god-daughter" to the Emperor Claudius. Scholars have wrangled and taken sides as to this collocation of names being something more than fortuitous. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Nevertheless the visitor, when next he sees the undistinguished slab of Roman marble in the quaint old Sussex city and spells out an obscure letter here and there, may perchance feel the thrill of a dead hand stretched out to him across the centuries.

REVIEWS

THE POLITICAL DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN, 1867-1909

The Political Development of Japan, 1867-1909. By GEORGE ETSUJIRO UYEHARA. (Constable. 8s. 6d. net.)

FIRST NOTICE.

Mr. GEORGE ETSUJIRO UYEHARA has set himself a heavy task in writing the story of the political development of the Japanese people from 1867 to 1909 in a volume of under 300 pages. However, within certain limits he has succeeded admirably. He is concise, he has obviously made a very complete study of his subject, and his inferences and deductions are based on sure premises, and are therefore generally sound. That his book will never be a popular work is certain; it is doubtful whether the author ever intended that it should be, and, therefore, its future place in the library will be amongst those works in which the student of history delights, or as a valuable reference book for those who in lieu of close study prefer to cull certain facts and to draw certain deductions and analogies from the more profound labours of others. To our mind the two most valuable and at the same time most interesting chapters are those devoted to a very closely reasoned study of the national and political mind of the Japanese people. These are not only of paramount importance to the student of Japanese history, but they are also replete with interest to the general reader and to the voyager who in the course of his idle peregrinations visits the land of the Rising Sun. Without a careful study of this portion of the book it is impossible to follow clearly the phenomenal development and expansion of Japan during the past thirty years, but once they have been thoroughly mastered and analysed it is comparatively easy to grasp—amidst the entanglement of appalling proper names—the various steps by which the present Constitution has arisen from the dying ashes of Feudalism, Shogunism, and Mikadoism. During the last decade there have been innumerable books devoted to a study of the Japanese people from the ethnological, ethical, social, political, and military standpoints, and the first thirty pages of Mr. Uyehara's work would serve as an excellent introduction to almost any of them. They disclose so clearly and forcibly the simplicity, energy, resourcefulness, and patriotism of the Japanese that they would be of

supreme value as an educational tract to be distributed amongst the Western nations to fan the dying embers of those higher impulses which are so singularly lacking at the present time.

So many pages and pages have been written on the extraordinary rise of Japan from obscurity to a world power that an almost miraculous atmosphere has been cast around what is after all, when analysed, a natural development. But this false idea is being gradually dissipated, and the present volume will do a great deal towards lifting the veil and proving that the expansion and rise of Japan were bound to follow directly certain international conditions arose. For twenty-five centuries the Japanese have been nursing and maturing those high ethical and physical qualities without which it is hopeless for a people to expect to play a master rôle in world history. Japan has been singularly fortunate; her history has been the most complete, even, and unbroken of that of any nation. No foreign invasion has ever turned the current of her public life into alien channels, and thus the same system of government and of religion, the same ideals of art and culture, have existed unbroken throughout twenty-five centuries. What other nation can point to such a unique record? There was one attempt at invasion, but this failed ignominiously. Towards the end of the thirteenth century Kublai Khan, having overcome China and Korea, was desirous of adding Japan to his dominions. He sent an immense fleet to bring about the country's subjection, but it met with exactly the same fate as overwhelmed Rojensvenski at Tsushima.

The origin of the Japanese people is wrapped in obscurity. Some authorities, such as Baetz and Rein, consider that the Japanese have sprung from Mongolian stock pure and simple, with perhaps a slight infusion of Ainu blood. The latter race are still found in the northern islands, and differ completely from the Japanese, who despise them. Other authorities, with perhaps more reason, consider that the Japanese are a mixed race of Ainu, Korean, Chinese-Malay, and Chinese elements. According to tradition and history, the Japanese Empire was founded by the Emperor Jimmu in 660 B.C., and by him the Imperial throne was bequeathed to his descendants, who still constitute the Imperial family of Japan. Think on this fact, and of its significance to a highly imaginative and loyal people. As Mr. Uyehara writes: "For more than five-and-twenty centuries, ever since the embryo of their National Life began to develop under the leadership of their first Emperor Jimmu, the Japanese have always lived under one and the same government and have scrupulously maintained their ethnic unity." This passage is the keynote to the proper understanding of the development of Japan during the past thirty years. It contains within it the key to the riddle of how a comparatively unknown people have suddenly become a world power by assimilating Western ideas and applying them to a soil already rendered fertile by the experience, traditions, and ideals of twenty-five centuries. For a simile, let us take the case of a small firm producing an article of everyday use in some provincial town. For years and years the business has thrived within certain limits, and the article it produces has been brought to a high state of perfection. Then suddenly the founder of the business dies. He is succeeded by his son, who has enjoyed a better education and who has seen more of the world. He knows that beyond the confines of the sleepy borough in which he resides there is an immense number of people who require the article which his firm manufactures, and, being ambitious and enterprising, he determines that they shall have it. He meets with much opposition from his father's old partners, who are afraid of taking a leap in the dark; but his will finally prevails. He turns his business into a company, works are set up in other towns, immense sums are spent in advertising, and gradually his trade expands. In a few years, by progressive, resourceful, and prudent management, the success of his experiment is assured and the company's goods are sold throughout the world. Such has been the story of Japan.

Up to fifty years ago Japan, an isolated, self-satisfied community, was closed to the foreigner. The more conservative of her statesmen were opposed to any change, contending that to open up the country might lead to its disruption, but, as invariably happens, the views of the more progressive section of her legislators prevailed, her markets were thrown open, the more enlightened of her sons were sent to study abroad, instructors in military science were hired from the Powers, naval architects were employed to design battleships, and her finances were taken in hand, with results that are now a matter of history. But this absorption of Western ideas and assimilation of Western materialism could not have been accomplished in so short a time had not the mind of the nation been prepared for the change. This fact must be recognised. The seed could not have sprung up and borne fruit at such an early season in a nation of less culture, education, and political experience, or in one that was animated by less high ideals. It would be absurd to suppose that the negroes of Africa or the aborigines of America might under certain conditions, and with suitable opportunities, have developed into world powers with equal rapidity. The North American Indian is already almost extinct. Centuries from now the negro may occupy a footing of equality with his Aryan brother, but at present his mind is hardly a fitting receptacle for self-government and imperial responsibility. This was not the case with the Japanese. Whilst Europe was steeped in the darkness and ignorance of the Middle Ages, the Japanese were a highly cultured and civilised race, and thus, whilst Western civilisation was at a standstill, it thrived in the Far East. During the whole era of the Roman Empire, and six hundred years before the birth of Christ, Japan was a self-contained nation engaged in working out her ethical, political, and commercial problems, undisturbed by the conqueror, unnoticed by the historian, and unsung by the poet.

IN THE NAME OF POESY

Spume and Spindrift. By J. C. OAKENFULL. (The Author, St. Budeaux.)

Poems. By J. W. FRAZER. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Book of the Lily. By a Sister of the Holy Cross. (Ave Maria Press, Indiana, U.S.A.)

Poems. By the Hon. ELEANOUR NORTON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

The Poems of Johanna Ambrosius. (Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. net.)

Rus Divinum, and Other Poems. By Major W. A. ADAM, M.P. (Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Country Boy, and Other Poems. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Adelphi Press. 1s. net.)

Poetical Tributes to the Memory of King Edward VII. Edited by CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D. (Elliot Stock. 5s. net.)

The number of people in this prosaic world who imagine that the manufacture of verse—we dare not say poetry—is their divinely ordained calling is astounding. It is not a bad sign, doubtless, that these desperadoes of the pen should be moved to express themselves in lyrics that occasionally rhyme quite nicely, and sonnets that are a series of statements hopelessly correct, for, at any rate, it shows that the spirit of Poesy is abroad; the worst of it is that as soon as the clean sheet of paper is decorated with something that looks like a poem because the lines are about the same length, the dear fellows must rush round the town to find somebody who will confer a dubious immortality upon them by printing it. The discovery that "rain" jingles prettily with "pain," and that several other words in the English language are assonant, seems to be made periodically and to cause a species of mild delirium; the discovery that it is one of the easiest things imaginable to "scorn the home-spun thread of

rhymes," to write hundreds of lines of five feet, and to call it blank verse, might well break the critic's heart did he venture to wade through all that came his way. Most of these poets manage one really good effort, and then sag badly into compositions which are calculated to give the reader cold chills. Listen to this from Mr. Oakenfull:—

In the silence of night, when the old Dutch clock's
Pendulum sways with its tick, tick, tock,
And the stars shine red with their eyes so bright,
Between the leaves of the old oak trees,
Where the nests sway gently beneath the breeze.

There are six more lines, but we have a sense of responsibility which prevents us from finishing the "poem," although we may say that the last line is "From bogs so dark and dank." We suppose that if Mr. Oakenfull were quietly informed that the above was prose—and very bad prose—cut into lengths, he would feel injured and perhaps grow excited. Nevertheless, we should like to point out to him that he needs three things: Ideas, grammar, and some notion of what constitutes poetry. We would we could apply his own words to himself:—

Your voice to me is like a choir of birds,
E'en though your diction, dear, is oft-times wrong.

With one more quotation we will pass on:—

Love is not dead, but sleepeth, and eftsoons
Cometh to me on wings of radiant morn;
Grey shadows lie athwart the silvern moon,
But vanish with fair Luna at the dawn.

We have not searched Mr. Oakenfull's pages for "Old Sol," but no doubt he is there. The book is issued by the author, we note, at St. Budeaux. Let him take the next steamer from Saltash to Morwellham or the Weir Head, and try to set down in simple language what he sees, before he attempts to philosophise; it may be good for his art.

To Mr. J. W. Feaver we are indebted for one charming lyric, entitled "October," from which we cull two stanzas:

Fling no more your wealth untold,
Keep your gorgeous treasures,
Though you paved the woods with gold,
Winter has no pleasures
In your bribes, and will not spare
Till he strips your branches bare.

The woods are filled with whispering fears,
And every bough is sighing;
The sobbing leaves, all wet with tears,
Are fading, falling, flying.
For Winter's heralds loudly blow,
And now must all your glories go.

There is a lilt as of Herrick about this, and the modest little book has much excellent work, although the author is undoubtedly at his best when he leaves the ambition of lengthier, more pompous stanzas for the simple, song-like lyric.

"The Book of the Lily," being entirely in a religious strain, is rather suggestive of a hymnal. The first half of the volume is devoted to praise of the Virgin Mary; in the second portion some of the "Miscellaneous Verses" show that the writer has pleasant gifts of taste and arrangement, if not the gift of real poesy. A little lyric, "Wild Roses," original in idea and in treatment, is her best example.

The Hon. Eleanour Norton is far too fond of the note of admiration; its constant intrusion becomes wearisome. Shorn of this much misused stop, her verse would be more pleasant to the eye, and consequently to the mental ear. Let us give one instance:—

Now earth and sky in one large poem blend!
At deepest dusk among the roses! They
Distribute odours in the idle wind,
Their colours melting in the gradual blue!
Beautiful hour!

Having indicated this fault—and it is a fault, for it gives the most serious poem a jerky, almost comical, effect—we

may freely admit the beauty of much that she has written. Her "Island Legend," which by her own confession owes inspiration to Keats, is told very delicately and sweetly, and is entirely free from the flaw to which we have alluded. If she would write more in this strain she would be wise, for, curiously enough, her work is much finer when she takes a theme and amplifies it, as in this instance, than when she pens a brief expression of emotion. In the pentameter line her best effects are achieved. Another example is "The Light from Greece," gravely and smoothly written, and full of sound. The first line, "O grace and glory of Athenian days," foreshadows a skill in technique which not many of our group of poets can boast.

To criticise pointedly the "Poems of Johanna Ambrosius" would be invidious. They are the outpourings of a woman of the people who was born in a tiny Prussian village; a woman who was entirely cut off from books and the world of literature, and whose whole life seems to have been one long experience of pain. The poems do her credit, if the translator has rendered them adequately into English. They have passed through many editions in Germany, but we fancy that they must have suffered in translation.

Major Adam, the author of "Rus Divinum," combines two of the most potent forces known to humanity—the pen and the sword. The poem which gives its title to his volume begins remarkably well, and has some stanzas of much beauty; its scheme, the chronicle of a day with Nature, within touch of sea and country, is carried out with considerable success. Here and there, however, lapses occur which we cannot help thinking might have been avoided by a little more scrutiny, a little more care in the polishing of proofs. It is generally when he attempts to moralise or philosophise that the author fails. For example, the following lines should never have found place in a poem—they seem awkwardly, and the first two are merely bathos:—

Why should we flap our wings and strive,
Against our doom, to remain alive?
'Twere better the waves should close overhead,
And bear us out among the jostling dead
To that broad ocean of eternal peace,
Whence we rise not again, and all ill cease,
Or else where, drifted to the heavenly shore,
We, re-awakened, live for evermore.

In the "Horae Fugaces," which compose the second part of this collection, there is little work of any note, and faults of scansion abound. This is the more to be regretted, since in the "Sonnets" the author is several times fairly successful. Whether there is any justification for writing a "fairly successful" sonnet is debatable, but he gives us again a vague feeling that if he had only taken more trouble, as he was bound to do when essaying the sonnet-form, his work would have touched a very much higher level. One sonnet we may quote to illustrate our point:—

Upon a mountain-top I stood alone,
And God's creation, smiling, lay around;
As far as eye could reach was holy ground;
No work of man defiled the view, not one
Of all those hills bore human trace; no stone
In that unquarried vastness knew the sound
Of mason's hammer. Then I raised a mound
Into an altar, made of rocks loose-thrown,
And named it "Peace," and, passing, let it be.
When many years had fled, my wanderings drove
Me there again; but now there stood with me
A maid of twenty summers, as we wove
A dream of future happiness. Then we
Rebuilt the altar, and renamed it "Love."

Here is a pretty idea, but a sonnet must have more than pretty ideas. Why did not the author reconsider the bad verse, "Me there again; but now there stood with me"? A certain humorous effect, too, in the first two lines might have been easily corrected. A biographical and eulogistic preface, which the publishers have thought fit to

insert, should have been omitted. What does it matter that Major Adam plays polo, "is popular at tennis, and rowed four years for Dublin University"? It makes no difference to his poetry or to his readers' consideration of it.

A quality of great charm runs through the verses of "A Country Boy," by Douglas Goldring. We find much genuine pleasure in his lyrics, and appreciate the care which he has evidently spent over them. If all the lesser poets could do as well as he, we should have few faults to find. His clever little "Impressions of Places" were well worth preserving in book form.

The anthology of "Poetical Tributes," which comes last on our list, hardly needs criticism as to quality. It is what it professes to be—a heterogeneous collection of the verses which appeared on the death of King Edward VII. About half of them are negligible. We have not read straight through the 316 pages of this astonishing book—life is too short—but it seems to us poorly edited. It is a pity to find, for instance, a dignified little poem by Mr. Owen Seaman, distinguished, as is all his verse, by fine literary feeling, among a chaos of the cheapest newspaper doggerel. Alphabetical arrangement is, of course, partly responsible for this; but why not have omitted two-thirds of the whole material? There is not the slightest reason why the well-meant but horribly constructed rubbish that appeared in almost every provincial newspaper last May should be preserved; it had better far be forgotten. The editor pleads for a "thoroughly representative collection," but we fail to see the necessity for it; it is of no value historically or poetically.

Once more, with this last volume, we can enforce the remarks with which we began this article. The knowledge that certain words rhyme rouses in the breasts of all sorts of impossible persons the desire to write what they are pleased to term "poetry." If a local sheet prints their effusions, their ecstasy knows no bounds; their friends coo prettily to them, they purchase a rhyming dictionary, and quantities of nice white paper are irremediably spoiled. We observed just now that the Spirit of Poesy is abroad. It is high time she came home.

A GREAT FRENCH ARCHITECT

Philibert de l'Orme. By HENRI CLOUZOT. (Plon-Nourrit et Cie., Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

THE collection of "Les Maitres de l'Art," published under "the high patronage of the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts," has long since won for itself a high reputation in France. Such masters as Rubens, Holbein, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Botticelli, and many others of a like high order, have already appeared in the series. The latest addition is Philibert de l'Orme, the most renowned architect of the Renaissance. M. Henri Clouzot, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque Forney, to whose hands was entrusted the difficult task of writing this book, has acquitted himself with distinction. He has given of his best and proved himself to be a master of the subject.

In an elaborate introduction M. Clouzot analyses the hesitating period of more or less clever imitations of the classic style of architecture which was the forerunner of the Renaissance, and then, step by step, he follows the marvellous career of Philibert de l'Orme, chief among architects of the period, the greatest, in fact, of the whole of the sixteenth century. With the aid of many unpublished manuscripts, and also of documents containing the actual sayings of the favourite of Henri II., M. Clouzot shows the real de l'Orme—writer, warrior, courtier, and bold and original artist. Thanks to this conscientious and extremely able work, one fully understands the secret of the master's wonderful and continuous success, the influence of his theories and the force of his example. Through him is revealed the soul of the astonishing architecture of the Renaissance, "née à l'ombre de l'antiquité romaine, mais restée si française de goût et d'inspiration."

Besides following the career of de l'Orme, the book is a remarkable history of the period, filled with comparisons

of the general events of four reigns and displaying a complete understanding of, and insight into, the spirit of the time. The author is to be thanked for having written it in an easy, flowing style, which it is a pleasure to read, and the quiet humour which he allows to peep out from time to time enhances its value as a literary work. The beautifully reproduced photographs and the large type are considerably better than those of the general run of French publications, and students of the sixteenth century in France should welcome this work as an invaluable addition to their libraries.

FICTION

A Bachelor in Arcady. By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

"A BACHELOR IN ARCADY" is a pretty pastoral, a piece of Arcadian simplicity, written by the Bachelor himself, we are told, "for the most part on a certain garden seat beneath the lime trees, and done in pencil on scraps of paper which occasionally went astray." It is a plea for tolerance. This is not a novel with a purpose, or with a plot put together as skilfully as a puzzle, but a book *en papillotes*, as it were, a leisurely diversion, like a diary. Arcady is a narrow sphere, and there is little room for the nameless hero to fill. He thanks the Fates that keep him a Bachelor in Arcady, when they might so easily have made him a Benedick in Proseland, and we begin to suspect his ultimate destination very early. He protests too much, indeed, and finally marries the squire's daughter, a charming young person of seventeen. But before he turns Benedick we have many digressions to enliven this slight plot. We hear a great deal of Arcady (which is a parish in Yorkshire) and its denizens two-footed and four-footed, the value of its vagrants and wanderers, the ethics of apple-stealing, the delights of a fine hunting morning. It is difficult to quarrel with the book, but, to our mind, the pastoral is a little over-sweetened, and there is too much patronage of "the comely and wholesome face of Nature."

The Cross of Honour. By MAY OPENSHAW. (Werner Laurie. 6s.)

THIS is a spirited tale of Poland and Napoleon Bonaparte in the year 1806. The motto upon the title-page reads "The battle is to the strong"; and Napoleon, the strong man, wins where weaker men and women lose their stakes—their lives or their honour. The conspirator and ex-priest Gonthier has staked his all upon a tremendous coup—he has rescued the Dauphin (Louis XVII.) from prison; but the Dauphin dies, as he has lived, in poverty and obscurity, and falls down in Napoleon's presence with the words, "You are strong, and I am so weak—so weak," on his lips—a poor bit of wreckage, a melancholy symbol of shattered monarchy. His "uncle" Gonthier enters into an agreement with Russia to assassinate the Emperor, but is foiled by the cleverness of Lafond—a *beau sabreur*, a second Brigadier Gerard, and "the loser pays." The Polish patriot, Count Adrian Nickola, receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour for his gallantry in defence of Napoleon on the night that he learns that the woman he loves, Marie Walewska, has surrendered unconditionally to the conqueror; and, again, "the loser pays." The plot of the novel is worked out very skilfully, and the authoress has given much attention to historical detail, which goes far to redeem a certain flatness of style and weakness of dialogue.

The Peacock of Jewels. By FERDUS HUME. (Digby, Long and Co.) 6s. net.

"THE Peacock of Jewels" is an Indian fetish, and the disasters resulting from its possession call to mind the incidents of evil enumerated in Wilkie Collins' tale of the Moonstone. The story does credit to Mr. Hume's skill as

a writer of sensational fiction, for it bears, in a marked degree, those complex features which tantalise and, at the same time, stimulate the inquisitive sense of the reader. Students of etymology might be tempted to dispute with the Rev. John Fuller upon his derivation of the word "Bel." Was it really introduced by the Phoenicians, or was it not rather a word to be found graven on the altars of the ancient Druids? If we are not greatly mistaken, "Bel" was their god of war or battle.

THE THEATRE

THERE being nothing new to see within reasonable distance of London, we have lately revisited the St. James's and the Gaiety Theatres. "The Importance of Being Earnest," revived as a stop-gap after the failure of Mr. Carton's last play, has enjoyed another successful run. We found a full and vastly appreciative house, and the play was punctuated with constant laughter. We are compelled to confess, however, that our own enjoyment was tempered by the fact that the play was badly acted by all the actors except three—Miss Stella Campbell, Mrs. Kemmis, and Mr. Rupert Lister. If we had been the author of the play we should have called a general rehearsal there and then, and expressed ourselves in language which would have conveyed our amazement in a quite unmistakable manner. We should have dealt rather drastically with Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who, although a member of the original cast, did his best to mar the author's intention with a self-satisfaction which took our breath away. Familiarity breeds contempt, and Mr. Aynesworth's familiarity with his part conduced to an unsatisfactory rendering of it. He brought to the part none of the delicious seriousness which places it in the category of possible persons. He was never for a moment in love with the little country girl, all of whose knowledge of life has been drawn from books. He played throughout with his tongue in his cheek, and with absolute insincerity, as who should say, "This is an immensely insincere play with witty lines, and I know it." He buffooned the business with the sandwiches as though he were playing in a farce, he skipped and pirouetted like a Horace Skimpole, he rattled his lines in a manner which rendered them pointless, and made grimaces at the other people on the stage for the purpose, apparently, of making them laugh. Mr. Aynesworth is a sound actor, if not a brilliant one. He is an actor of wide experience who has won a reputation, but, if we had been fortunate enough to have written the play, we should have recommended him to undergo a course of instruction at one or other of the dramatic schools with the utmost dispatch, in order to acquire a sense of the importance of being earnest.

In the hands of Miss Helen Rous, Lady Bracknell, who might conceivably have driven from any of the houses in Belgrave Square, became a person such as Alice would have hunted for in vain in Wonderland. In her few natural moments Miss Rous's Lady Bracknell came by motor omnibus from somewhere without the four-mile radius. For the rest, Miss Rous adopted a voice which no person of breeding could possess, and her pronunciation of English made it a language impossible to recognise. All the witty lines that fall to this part were spoilt by the self-conscious way in which they were delivered. Miss Helen Rous had obviously made up her mind that Lady Bracknell had no relation to life.

The Canon, who needs to be portrayed by a man with a sweet and charming personality, a slightly rotund figure, and a somewhat large, clean-shaven face, was played by Mr. Vivian Reynolds, who is small and thin. If Mr. Reynolds had played the part quietly and naturally he might have done himself credit. Instead of being quiet and natural, however, he imitated the methods of Mr. Aynesworth and Miss Rous, and gave a caricature of a

clergyman on the lines of Mr. Penley's performance in "The Private Secretary." He adopted the intonation and enunciation which are to be found nowhere except on the stage, and, like all actors who are called upon to represent clergymen of the Church of England, he screwed himself into absurd postures, "washed his hands" continually, and endeavoured to look as much like a parrot as possible.

In the case of Miss Rosalie Toller, who is a young actress with everything in her favour, she, too, catching the grotesque methods of her more experienced fellow-artists, brought to her part everything which it should not have. Her personality was perfectly right, and if she had been told to believe and to convey the impression that she believed that the girl she represented is to be found in a hundred villages, she would have left nothing to be desired. As it is, she delivered all her lines with the half-smile of one who considered them to be very funny and very ridiculous.

To find fault is the most unpleasant of all occupations. It is therefore pleasant to be able to say that three, at any rate, of the members of the St. James's company played their parts in a manner that was most excellent. Miss Stella Campbell and Mr. Lister could not have been bettered. Miss Campbell was particularly charming. She was natural and graceful and serious, while Mr. Lister as the man-servant might have made his way up the domestic ladder rung by rung. For Mrs. Kemmis we have enthusiastic praise. She was perfection itself. These three artists, who had a very nice understanding of the play and of their parts, and who were as natural and serious as they are in everyday life, made the rest of the actors seem to be all the more unintelligent. We did not see Mr. George Alexander. We saw an understudy, who did his best. The fact that the audience enjoyed the play under these circumstances goes to prove, if proof were necessary, how delicious a work of art is "The Importance of Being Earnest." To us it proved again how urgently necessary it is for there to be a competent stage manager in London theatres, a man of experience and authority, who will not permit the curtain to rise until every actor and actress concerned in his production has been taught precisely how he and she should act. If there had been such a person at the St. James's Theatre we should not have seen the majority of the company putting streaks of paint upon a beautiful etching.

We went to see "Our Miss Gibbs" at the Gaiety Theatre again, simply because this is August. We found the piece on a first visit more inane and less musical than these pieces usually are. Perhaps because this is August, and the glass is not able to register "Set fair," and the welcome anti-cyclone has refused to pay us a lengthy visit, we laughed consummately at the clever antics of Mr. George Grossmith, jun., and Mr. Payne. The skit of Mordkin and La Pavlova which has been introduced was very clever and very amusing, and Mr. Grossmith's exposition of the waltz was both graceful and athletic. In Miss Olive May the Gaiety Theatre possesses a young actress who acts as well as she sings. We forgot how many times the piece has been performed, and it is impossible to say how much of life there is still in it. Judging by the number of people in the theatre and the relish with which they watched the piece, it would seem that it has not yet reached middle age. There is something to be said in favour of this thing. Its chief value lies in the fact that it does not make any pretences. It is a humble effort on the part of writers who do not claim to be literary, of producers who do not claim to be artistic, of writers of music who do not claim to be musicians, and of actors and actresses who do not claim to be artists. They combine enthusiastically to do nothing but entertain, and the results of their combined efforts are cheerfulness, incessant movement, wonderful scenery, beautiful frocks, catchy tunes, pretty faces, and a certain amount of impish cleverness which appeals to people who are amused by flippant comments on things of the moment. Both Mr. George Grossmith, jun., and Miss Olive May have more

than average ability. They both sing rather well. They both dance expertly. They both have a keen sense of characterisation, and both bring to bear upon their work an enjoyment which is infectious. Of Mr. Payne it may be said that he is a naturally comic person. It is very difficult for us to understand, however, how it is that he, who spends his life among people who are studiously modern, can remain so peculiarly and typically Victorian. He seems to us to bring to his work the methods of the old-fashioned circus clown. He has a red nose and a habit of crossing his eyes and of wearing the clothes which one associates with the out-of-date music-hall artist. He has not marched with the times. In the most up-to-date atmosphere of the Gaiety Theatre he resembles an old edition of a Drury Lane play, with woodcuts and strange printing and faded binding, among extremely well-printed illustrated papers. Evidently Mr. Payne is a wise man who knows his public. Everything that he says and does is rewarded with a laugh, although everything that he says and does has been said and done before in exactly the same way. In their way these things are said and done well, and we have no doubt that Mr. Payne argues that what was good enough for 1870 is good enough for 1910.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON AND THE MUSIC OF THE AGE

THE young composer who can talk by the hour, who can write volumes about every composer and every composition of note from mediæval times to the latest effort of his youngest contemporary without once referring to his own work or his own aspirations, is little short of a wonder. Yet this is what Mr. Rutland Boughton can do and does pretty regularly. He possesses in an exceptional degree the rare combination of creative, critical, and interpretive faculties, and of these it is the critical faculty that is most striking in its thoroughness and its independence. He has written one of the most useful books of the day on the works of Bach, and his studies of Wagner are the studies of a man who knows his subject thoroughly and is able to see it in its proper relation to other matters. Between the periods represented by these two composers lies that of every classical style other than their own; and with every style and most of the works worth knowing in the two centuries comprised in these various periods, Rutland Boughton is well acquainted. Yet with all his knowledge of and love for the work of the great masters of the past, he is the champion of the music of the age we live in. He does not hesitate to say that to us who belong to the present generation the works of living composers are of greater importance than all the most glorious works that have been written by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, or any other of the great composers who are now dead; for the work of the living composer, be it great or small, is the expression of the life of our times, just as the work of the classical masters was the expression of the life of their own times.

Mr. Boughton is a man who is successful in the very best way; his life is being lived to a purpose, with a fulness of occupation which he never allows to become drudgery for gain. He might, if he wished, become in some degree a wealthy man, for the demand for his compositions is a constant and a large one, and he has a ready talent that will answer the call in every variety of work he cares to put his hand to. His fulness of critical ideas and his ready flow of language would win for him a place among journalists if he cared to exercise himself in that direction. He prefers, however, to do that which he considers will be of the greatest benefit to the community at large, and to be content with an income that will keep himself and his family free from the anxieties of poverty without throwing them into the greater anxieties of riches. Still several years short of half the

span of life allotted to mankind by the Psalmist, he retains all the enthusiasm of youth with the wider outlook of mature manhood. In matters other than music he is a disciple and friend of Edward Carpenter, but he does not allow his discipleship to rob him of his freedom and independence of thought and belief. His views on sex questions are unconventional and freely expressed, as, in fact, are his views on all subjects. He considers that art has as great a dependence upon and relation to sex as has every other important matter of life. Art to him must be a living force, not a mere fanciful stringing together of pleasant platitudes which have no purpose beyond a moment's pleasure. Pleasure in both the exercise and the appreciation of art there may be, because pleasure is one of the component parts of a well-lived life, but artificial or simulated pleasure is the shallowest of life's shallows. Music and art must be the expression of something actually felt. For this reason one of the laws by which it must be governed is that of disobedience. No great progress in art, or in anything else, has been made without disobedience to existing laws by the pioneers. Law-making is only necessary where there is law-breaking, and the old laws must be broken to prepare the ground for the new ones which nature demands must be made.

While, however, Mr. Boughton is himself a progressive composer and the champion of others who are or desire to be equally progressive, he can and does admire the works of many who have followed the principles of the classical composers, and he regards as one of the most regrettable features of our musical life the non-recognition of the music of Mr. Algernon Ashton—music in which culminates one of the most useful and interesting periods in the history of our British art. "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men," and Sullivan, by his humorous treatment of Gilbert's comic plays, did more than the most serious composer to help forward English music, for he aimed a severe blow at the false seriousness of the academic party, and brought into our national art the divine spirit of comedy. It is the vital quality of Sullivan's comedy and satire that makes this young apostle of the present and the future acclaimed the popular composer of last generation. He has great faith in the British composer of to-day, as he has also in the music of the people—in the folksongs and other traditional and unartificial music which the mass of the people sing when not under the direction and instruction of their teachers. Vocal music he regards as requiring and exhibiting a higher state of mental development than does instrumental music. It is one of the characteristics of the younger school of British composers that the melodies of the wayside and field are utilised as subjects and themes for their works as well as aids to distinctive local colouring. Rutland Boughton goes further than this, and his arrangements for large choruses of some of these melodies have achieved an exceptional popularity. But with all his enthusiasm for national music, the "patriotic" composer and his effusions are his pet aversions. It is doubtful which he finds most hateful and despicable—the patriot who spends most of his time expressing in high-flown and bombastic language the affection he feels for his country, or the cosmopolitan who has neither country nor affection for any. He hits the happy medium of being intensely national without thinking it necessary to be constantly singing the praises of his country. In spite of this, however, he has so far given vent to his patriotism as to compose a "March of the British," or a symphonic poem descriptive of British progress.

He is one of the enthusiastic band who maintain that, not only have we a folksong of our own in England, but that it is as distinctive as that of any other country. Yet while he endeavours himself, and would have all other composers do the same, to get to the spirit of the folksong, he is no admirer of the mere appropriation of the tunes themselves as themes for pot-pourris, or even for higher art forms. The spirit which creates them should

be the motive power of the larger works, not the tune itself. And as he firmly believes that the music which is being composed to-day is of more importance to living men and women than that which was composed years ago, he works assiduously at the propagation of the music of his fellow-composers, and assists them in obtaining a share in the success he has himself achieved, and so endeavours to make his theories a practical reality. With little in his appearance to distinguish him from the ordinary wayfarer—from the bank clerk or the commercial traveller—ten minutes of his company impresses one with his absolute enthusiasm and with his genius for seeing things in a clear light and a proper perspective. He can hate the theories of those who hold opposing opinions to himself, and retain the utmost charity to their persons. He will knock down an opponent with a smile, and pick him up with a sweater one. And, this being so, it is probable he will continue to win many to his way of thinking. As with many another man who has a message he is eager to deliver, Rutland Boughton sometimes talks (or writes) more than is necessary, and consequently becomes somewhat incoherent. The main points of his mission are, however, never lost sight of in the wideness and detail of his varied instruction and advice, and the sum of all his message is "a living England."

THE ITALIAN RISORGIMENTO IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

I.

At present, when the Cavour centenary has revived the faded public interest in the Italian Risorgimento, it may be worth while to recall some of the literary associations of that romantic chapter of history. Not that these gather to any extent around Cavour, who brought about the great consummation by methods of political compromise, which is the surest road to success in a wicked world sunk in politics, but affords no inspiration to the fine frenzies of poetry and romance. Garibaldi, of course, is a ready-made hero, and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's recent volumes of his *gestes* are such thrilling reading that their author cannot be surprised if people refuse to believe them—though, indeed, they are the simple and literal fact to a degree uncommon in history-books, even the dullest. But Garibaldi was the last chapter of romance, and the poetic interest begins long before. Look back at the earlier times, at the divine discontents of the 'twenties, at the glorious days of failure culminating in Novara, at the flight and pursuits and hangings and shootings which followed, and it will be seen that the whole history moves step by step to a glowing accompaniment of English poetry and romance.

It has been said that the literature of the Italian Risorgimento begins with the books of the Maccabees. It is a pity to carp at a good *mot*, or it might be asked why it should be dated so late, since "War to the Stranger" is surely an older battle-cry than Maccabeus! Keeping to more modern times and to our own tongue, we recall that Milton noted—

"martyred blood and ashes sown
On all the Italian fields,"

and his successors have not been less moved by martyrdoms of later days. Byron and Shelley were among the first, Byron mourning that

"Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities;"

while Shelley was echoing the trumpet-calls of Alfieri:—

"O Italy,
Gather thy blood into thy heart; repress
The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces."

Byron had the Carbonari in mind when he described the conspirators in "Marino Faliero":—

"There are met and sworn in secret
A band of brethren, valiant hearts and true;"

Browning gives a shrewder psychology of the Carbonari in "Pippa Passes," where he shows young Luigi, ready to kill the tyrant according to orders, generously willing, when his mother not unreasonably asks why his superiors do not kill him themselves, to ascribe to them a higher function, "to teach others to kill him," but yet, when put to the question, entirely unable to give any coherent account of the reasons why he should be killed at all, "Tis God's voice calls," and he goes to his task—much the type of man who temporarily wrested a constitution from Ferdinand of Naples in 1820, an event which Shelley hailed triumphantly as the promise, if not the very accomplishment, of Italy's freedom.

"Thou which wert once, and then didst cease to be,
Now art, and henceforth ever shalt be, free,
If Hope, and Truth, and Justice can avail,—
Hail, hail, all hail!"

An invocation addressed to all the great Italian cities in turn, in a strain of the most exalted enthusiasm. Alas for these hopes! A year later Ferdinand was restored, and Byron was writing to Tom Moore:—

"You cannot have been more disappointed than myself, nor so much deceived. As a very pretty woman said to me a few nights ago, with the tears in her eyes, as she sat at the harpsichord, 'Alas! the Italians must now return to making operas.' I fear that and maccaroni are their forte and 'metley their only wear.' However, there are some high spirits among them still."

High spirits there were, some of them, perhaps, on Keats' horizon when he wrote:—

"And other spirits there are standing apart
Upon the forehead of the age to come;
These, these will give the world another heart,
And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?"

Neither Byron nor Keats, however, at that time could have any preision of the greatest spirit then awaking in Italy—Giuseppe Mazzini, who, himself a torch, was to set other men afire, the man to whom Swinburne knelt when he was presented to him, whose hands he kissed, whom he "always revered above all other men on earth," and whom he thus addressed in the dedication to his "Songs before Sunrise":—

"Men bring you love-offerings of tears,
And sorrow the kiss that assuages,
And slaves the hate-offering of wrongs,
And time the thanksgiving of years;
And years the thanksgiving of ages;
I bring you my handful of songs."

It is strange that Carlyle, more than ready as he was to join in any denunciation of tyrants, should not have responded to the inspiration of the Italian movement. He took, as we know, very little interest in contemporary history, possibly because he needed long perspectives. He knew Mazzini at very short range. He seems to have needed a touch of truculence to impress him, and Mazzini, in London, certainly did not bear his greatness with flaunting banners. Yet Carlyle knew an honest man when he saw him and could love him well, even where heroism of the foot-stamping kind was absent. Everybody remembers how in defence of his friend he stepped sturdily to the front with a smith's hammer of northern speech:—

"I have had the honour to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years, and whatever I may think of his practical insight and skill in worldly affairs I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if ever I have seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind." It is nobly said, but it is not hero-worship. Mazzini got that elsewhere, however, from Swinburne, as we have seen, in the grand manner, and from many other writers of less fame,

amongst whom Mrs. Hamilton King may be named. With her, as with Swinburne, the fascination was personal, for Mazzini knew her as a girl, and treated her with affection and her work with approval.

"For he, the Seer, the Master, and the Saint,
Named me his poet, crowned me laureate
Of his Republic."

It is a pathetic circumstance that the sheets of her poem, "The Disciples," sent to him at Pisa, arrived only the day after his death.

"One day too late, and so came short for all,
And missed the confirmation of his eyes."

Mrs. Hamilton King, like Mrs. Browning, has seized many minor incidents, moving and romantic in themselves, and recorded them in verse which seldom lacks the emotional appeal inseparable from a genuine enthusiasm.

The tragedies of heroism written in the records of young Italy were such that the baldest account could hardly fail of poetry. Ruffini's tragic story is familiar enough—how he was taken and imprisoned, and how, fearing lest under torture he might betray the secrets of his chief, he took a small piece of rusty iron from his prison door, and, having sharpened it on the stone wall, opened his veins and bled to death.

"By the deed done, by torture overmastered,
And death outbraved,
For ever from denial and dishonour,
Soul, thou this night art saved!
Italy, with the purple robe upon her,
Shall know me faithful by these scars engraved."

These lines were written for Nicotera, not Ruffini; the notable thing is that they might have been written for so many. Heroism was the only wear in those days.

Roused by such men and such episodes, the cry for liberty was growing more and more insistent, when, in 1846, there stepped upon the scene that miracle of nature, a Liberal Pope. On him, too, English eyes rested—critical, Protestant eyes—from the Casa Guidi windows.

"He is good and great
According to the deeds a Pope can do;
Most liberal, save these bonds;

But only the ninth Plus after eight,
When all's praised most."

Thus Mrs. Browning. Yet the enormous popularity of the Pope and the encouragement his opinions gave to reform did as much to precipitate events as the actuality of sanguinary revolutions in other countries.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING CRITICISM

If it be the duty of a critic to point out faults, it is no less incumbent upon him to award praise where praise is due. It is not sufficient for him to pick out a certain number of imperfections and to denounce them as bad work; that is only half his task. To complete his task, to make his criticism of value in the world of art or letters, he must also pick out what is good, what is free from blemish, and direct attention to its merits or beauties. A critic is, after all, a guide to those sojourners in the land of literature and art who have not the requisite knowledge to avoid its pitfalls and dangerous places; who would, without guidance, be led astray by false prophets to bend the knee to idols with feet of clay; and the constant reiteration by a guide of "this is the wrong way," "that is the wrong way," would only bewilder a traveller in the unknown, and in the end he would probably go astray out of sheer desperation, if only to be rid of so embarrassing and irritating a companion. The fact of a critic being a self-appointed guide does not free him from the obligation

to perform his task properly; rather does it increase his obligation when he thrusts his services on people unasked. For an incompetent or dishonest guide may involve a traveller in far greater danger than he would be in if travelling without one.

Lord Beaconsfield wrote in one of his novels, "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." This statement is perhaps too sweeping for general acceptance, but it is impossible not to see in it an explanation of much that is written under the guise of criticism. It seems, nevertheless, extraordinary that their adventures in the realms of literature and art, though ending in failure, should have left them so appallingly ignorant of the work they profess to criticise. It is, of course, a mistake to suppose that a man is not competent to judge work that he is unable to perform himself. The creative faculty is a thing quite apart from the critical faculty. A man may be utterly incapable of writing poetry, for instance, but this of itself does not prevent him from being a sound critic of poetry. A poet, indeed, is seldom a sound critic. He is in the nature of things unable to command the requisite detachment of mind; his personal achievement will almost certainly give him a bias, albeit an unconscious one. We instance poetry because there is probably no branch of literature which suffers so much from incompetent criticism. It seems as if many of the men who are allowed to write criticisms of poetry would be better employed in the advertisement department, for the value of their opinions might very well be dictated by the amount spent by the publishers in advertising in the journal for which they write. And, even so, their criticism is curiously inept. If they feel that a volume of verse emanating from a certain publishing house is, by reason of the value of their advertisements, entitled to a puff, they might at least make their puff sound plausible. But often enough they select the worst work in the volume for special laudation, and sometimes even quote really bad lines to support their absurd contentions. And these are the men who are supposed to be the arbiters of taste, to whom an unenlightened public looks for guidance!

We once heard a man apparently of average intelligence, and occupying a responsible position in society, give it as his opinion that poetry was "rot." This is a simple and straightforward confession of ignorance and prejudice. He did not know anything about poetry, he did not want to know anything about it, and he was not ashamed of saying so. The ignorance and prejudice displayed by this man are shared by many men who set themselves up to be critics, only they have not his saving grace of honesty. Instead, they write columns of nonsense, and make a pathetic, though vain, attempt to hide their ignorance in a mass of obscure verbiage, which for sheer futility may be compared to the means which an ostrich is reported to adopt to hide himself from his enemies. But there are always with us a certain number of persons who plume themselves on intellect that they do not possess, and these are vastly impressed by the charlatan of literature. The coiner of obscure phrases and meaningless rhetoric finds in them easy dupes. They cannot of themselves distinguish poetry from doggerel, and any impostor is to them as good as a sound critic. The existence of these people and the demand for cheap copy give the charlatans their chance, a chance they are not slow to seize to the detriment of literature.

KILLARNEY

UPON the quiet shores of the Lakes of Killarney aching brains and sore hearts may seek, and after no great while find, peace and consolation. In the lower lake, or Lough Leane, larger by far than its sisters, one may see, as it were projected upon a gigantic natural screen, typified phases of human passion. The sun shines brightly, scarce

a ripple breaks the surface of the water, and the delicious curves of the distant hills are as those of a smiling countenance. Anon, of a sudden, all is changed. A mist mantles upon the tops of the frowning mountains; a wind sweeps down through the passes in mighty, tearing wreaths, and in a few minutes the lake is lashed into foaming fury. A little while, and, speedily as it arose, the storm passes, the little emerald islands float placidly upon a smooth silvery mirror, which reflects the image of every dainty twig. Innisfalen, the largest of the isles, is a veritable haunt of old-time peace. A few cattle graze on its sweet pastures—pastures flowing in and out of the sombre thickets like mighty green waves between steep rocks, forming silent glades and tranquil vistas. Beneath one ancient tree, whose whole trunk would need to be removed ere his tombstone could be raised, an abbot of the monastery long since wrecked, sleeps, his grave embowered by the living roots of the great tree before whose birth he died. In the refectory hard by, cows now feed where once he spake the Benedictus. And well may he sleep, for the spirit of all that was fairest upon Innisfalen shares his eternal slumber. Innisfalen is in the world but not of it. Her great trees yet live, but as phantoms of their former selves. A venerable whitethorn still flowers at the extreme tips of its branches, but all the rest is hoary eld, and one day the silver lichen that ensheathes it will have outlived its host. Lo! a western gale comes raging madly round Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and the fair tree is a memory of the past.

But though to-day all be buried in deep slumber, things were not ever so. Since the first fierce man from across the sea ravaged these goodly coasts, Innisfalen has witnessed many a bloody fray, many a scene of unbridled fury and reckless pillage. The immense hollies, the girth of whose great boles surpasses that of many an oak or beech, must have crackled fiercely in their young days when the evening breeze fanned sacrilegious flames. Close by is the smallest of the sisterhood of islands, aptly named Mouse Island. A timid little crag of rock clothed in rich dark emerald fur. O'Donoghue's Prison, its neighbour, is the scene wherein the O'Donoghue built a dungeon in the living rock, and incarcerated those who ventured to disobey him.

The best of all times for seeing the beauties of lake and mountain revealed is the evening, and the best of all places the north-eastern shore. Thence one gazes up at the Purple Mountain, grand and solemn, and behind and far beyond sees the towering peak of Carantuohill, tallest of Macgillicuddy's Reeks; nay more, tallest of all Irish mountains, rising in supremely beautiful curves toward the leaden heavens. Upon the hills the veil of night is descending, fashioned of all manner of purple, subtle grey, and palest lavender, the lake below shimmering with the gleam of magic silver, and fringed with pale green sedges, from the secure depths of which ever and anon a flight of wild ducks rises on strong wing, making with rigid outstretched necks for the farther shore. But the fairest of all the wondrous contrasts of light and shade that then prevail is that of two swans placidly feeding on water weeds upon the hither shallows, so vividly white that they seem to be poised in air. Around the lake, and indeed throughout the lowlands of this district, are rich, peaty boglands, which in their season are gorgeous with purple loosestrife and willowherb, intermingled with the creamy panicles of the meadow-sweet, the two colours a perfect foil for each other. On the shores of the lake one may escape for a brief while from the all-pervading peat-reek, which is the predominant feature of all this south-western corner of the land. The Irishman of these parts appears to the non-Celtic visitor to spend three-quarters of his time in cutting peat, and the other quarter in burning it. Landlords as we know them are a great rarity. Each man lives upon his own demesne, works for himself, and for himself gathers in the harvest of his labours, such as it is. He has his bit of grazing, his bit of peat-moor, and his potato patch. So long as he has enough

of potatoes and milk for his family and himself he is content. Such an existence implies the negation of ambition, without which a country must ever remain centuries behind the times. Another crop, it is true, is to be garnered in due season at Killarney. For the American exist the big hotels and the picturesque ruins, the quaint boats' crews to row him over the lake and the ponies to carry him through the Gap of Dunloe, the narrow chink which separates Tomies and the Purple Mountain from Macgillicuddy's Reeks. To him and for his edification are told the numberless stories of Kate Kearney; of the man who dived into the Devil's Punch Bowl, which lies high up on a shoulder of Mangerton Mountain, and went clean through the middle of the earth to the country down under. The systematic dragging of the pool which was carried out upon that occasion proved conclusively that the Devil's Punch Bowl has no bottom.

The simple natives of these parts appear to be highly gifted in the matter of religious feeling, and though their main streets are quagmires and they go about them with never a shoe to their feet, they have yet contrived to raise a stupendous cathedral, which in a couple of thousand years' time should be quite in harmony with its surroundings. The landscape painter, or he who likes to throw a fly with a reasonable expectation of sport, or he who enjoys a ramble among unsurpassed vistas, may find a happy haven at Killarney.

BOOKS IN PREPARATION

This autumn season now upon us, which promises to be a peculiarly active and interesting one, will see another new name in the ranks of the publishers. The newcomer, to whom we wish all success in his undertaking, is Mr. Martin Secker, who, oddly enough, is to start business at No. 5, John Street. He has been engaged in learning the business for some years with a very well-known firm of London publishers, and if he can secure for himself as great success as that of his instructors, he will be able to make no complaints. His first list has some interesting names in it. Mr. G. S. Street, for instance, the well-known author of "The Trial of the Bantocks" and "A Visit to Bohemia," is giving a book entitled "Essays and Adventures." Another book which should arouse interest, even if only as a kind of epitaph, is "The Repertory Theatre: A Record and a Criticism," by P. P. Howe. It deals with Mr. Frohman's recent season at the Duke of York's Theatre, at the same time comparing it with the parallel movements at Manchester, Glasgow, and Dublin. Mr. Arthur Ransome contributes a book to Mr. Secker's list called "Edgar Allan Poe: A Critical Study," and another book of great possibilities is a translation of MM. Octave Homberg and Fernand Jousselin's book, "An Adventurer of the Eighteenth Century." The "Adventurer" is the Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont, who, although having fought as a soldier with conspicuous success in 1760, was some years later thought to be a woman, and ordered by Louis XVI. to assume the dress of a woman. The authors have unearthed new documents and facts, and shed a great deal of new light upon this curious person. In the fiction part of Mr. Secker's list figures Oliver Onions, author of "The Odd Job Man" and "Little Devil Doubt." His present volume, "Widdershins," is a collection of short stories, some of which have already been enjoyed in the monthly magazines. Mr. Compton Mackenzie's name appears under the title of "The Passionate Eloperment." It will be remembered that it was Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the son of Mr. Edward Compton, who, with Messrs. Hood and Pirie-Gordon, ran a paper in his undergraduate days called *The Oxford Point of View*. If his new book fulfills the expectations to which he gave rise in those days, it will be very well worth reading. There is another comparatively new author in this list, Mr. Laurence North, who published his maiden effort, a novel called "Syrinx," last year.

Messrs. Methuen announce, among other books in their September list, "The Charm," by Alice Perrin, whose studies of Indian life have met with such success. Another book by Oliver Onions is also included in the list called "The Exception." It deals with London of to-day in all its many sides. "Jemmy Abercraw," by Bernard Capes, and "Astray in Arcady," by Mary E. Mann, are two other novels in Messrs. Methuen's list. Mr. Arnold Bennett has contributed "The Clayhanger." Whether this is the name of the hero or heroine, or whether it is a trade, it is impossible to say. At any rate, Mr. Arnold Bennett is always to be looked out for. Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Mr. Ingleside," and "Babes in the Wood," by Mrs. B. M. Croker, are also to appear in September by the same publisher. For October, Messrs. Methuen promise a book by Henry James called "Finer Grain," "The Rest Cure," by W. B. Maxwell, "The Glad Heart," by Madame Albane, whose dramatisation of "Sister Anne" is now in rehearsal at the Coronet Theatre, and "The Golden Silence," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson, whose books follow in as close succession as the letters of the alphabet. Last, but not least, there is "The House of Serravalle," by Richard Bagot. Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on an excellent autumn programme.

The late Mark Twain's biographer, Mr. Bigelow Paine, has been making a pilgrimage in the tracks of the "Innocents Abroad," and the result is to be called "The Ship-dwellers," published by Messrs. Harper. Mr. Charles J. Whitby and Mr. Max Nordau are appearing between Messrs. Rebman's covers. The former's work is entitled "Makers of Men" and the latter author has named his book "The Meaning of History." Mr. J. E. Patterson will have two books appearing this season. The first in chronological order is to be published by Mr. Heinemann, and is called "Tillers of the Soil"; the second, by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, is "A Hero of the Sea." It is the life-story of the inventor of the rocket apparatus, Lieutenant Williams. Reminiscences of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, founder of the N.S.P.C.C., are to be published by Fisher Unwin as soon as Miss Rosa Waugh, his daughter, has completed the work, upon which she is now engaged. "Lucas Malet's" new novel, to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., and Mr. William de Morgan's new story, "An Affair of Dishonour," from the firm of Mr. Heinemann, are to be published during the course of this month. Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel is, we are told, giving its prospective publishers much to think about.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PARTY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I was very pleased to see your article in the current number. I, too, am a believer in the abolition of purely party politics.

As an example say, an election is in progress. Two candidates—Mr. A and Mr. B—are fighting the seat (more if you like, it would make no material difference). There are certain questions before the electors. Mr. A says: "My opinions are so and so." Mr. B says: "My opinions are this and that," and let the electors vote for the man whose opinions coincide with their own. The majority in the House of Commons would then *really* be a majority of the people's opinion, and not slaves to party Whips.

There would then be no "Vote for me because we're both Conservatives, or Radicals, or Socialists," and for no other reason, as it is nowadays. Neither, nor any, of the candidates would have any party word after their names. The papers would read thus:—

Mr. Blank	5,730
Mr. Dash	2,370

Majority for Mr. Blank ... 3,360

which would mean Mr. Blank's opinions were accepted by the majority of the people entitled to vote in the constituency he fought.—Yours truly,

ANTI-BIGOT.

WHIPPING OF WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a late issue you referred to the charges for whipping in some old accounts, and noticed that it was higher for women than for boys. What was the cause of the difference? Were they whipped with the same instrument and on the same part of the body? If so, the charge might vary with the number and severity of the strokes, or with the amount of resistance offered by the culprit. Any information on this subject would oblige.

We have a relic of the old system still (though it does not extend to women) in whipping under the Vagrant Act of 1824. The Act is delightfully vague as regards details, and I suspect that most of those who are whipped under it could bring an action for assault against their chastisers. What instrument is to be employed, and on what part of the body? Or, if this be discretionary, in whom is the discretion vested? Is there any limit to the number of strokes, and who is authorised to fix the number within this limit?

The whipping and branding of women was quite usual in France before the Revolution, Mme. de la Motte being one of the sufferers. With what instrument and on what part of the body were they whipped? And were women branded in this country? which, I believe, was done on the hand.—Yours truly,

R. D. S.

[Perhaps one of our readers who has been a "whippee" can satisfy our correspondent's curiosity.—EDITOR.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

Bacon in Shake-Speare. By Sir Edwin Burney-Lawrence, Bart. Together with a Reprint of Bacon's "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," collated with the Original MS. by the late F. B. Bickley, and revised by F. A. Herbert, of the British Museum. Illustrated. Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.

The Production of the Printed Catalogue. By Alex. J. Philip, Robt. Atkinson. 5s. net.

The Suffrage Movement from its Evolutionary Aspect. By I. E. Taylor. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 1s. net.

Official Report of the Emigration Conference held on May 30-31, 1910. With an Introduction by H. E. Egerton, M.A. Royal Colonial Institute.

THEOLOGY

Church Questions of Our Time. By J. B. Paton, M.A., D.D. James Clarke and Co. 3s. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

William Shakespeare, His Homes and Haunts. By S. L. Bensusan. Illustrated. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net.

Charles Lamb, His Homes and Haunts. By S. L. Bensusan. Illustrated. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL

The Story of England. A History for Junior Forms. Part I.—From Early Times to 1722. By W. S. Robinson, M.A. With Illustrations and Maps. Rivingtons. 2s.

Elementary Regional Geography: Great Britain and Ireland. By J. B. Reynolds, B.A. Maps and Illustrations. A. and C. Black. 1s. 4d.

FICTION

A Week at the Sea. By Harold Avery. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

In Extenuation of Sybella. By Ursula à Beckett. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

Angela. By St. John Trevor. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

The Mystery of Roger Bullock. By Tom Gallon. Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.

Traffic. By E. Temple Thurston. 6d.

"Waldmann," the Autobiography of a Dachshund. By Hilaré Barlow. Illustrated. Everett and Co. 2s. net.

Prester John. By John Buchan. T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.

PERIODICALS

The Bookseller; The Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue: The Librarian; Constitution Papers; The Bodleian; The Idler; Annual Report, 1910, Peabody Institute, Baltimore; Mercure de France; Cambridge University Reporter, Index 1909-1910; University Correspondent and Educational Review.

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LITERARY CRITICISM AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

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